

The Tragedy of Hamlet

It did me yeomans service; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As love between them like the Palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a *Comma* 'twene their amities,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the modell of that *Danish* seale,
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gav't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known; now the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guyldenstern* and *Rosencrans* go to't.

Ha. They are not neare my conscience, their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the passe and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doe'st know this *Water-flye*?

Hora.

Prince of Denmark

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more
him; he hath much land and
and his crib shall stand at the
say, spacious in the possession

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your
part a thing to you from his

Ham. I will receive it fir
net to his right use, 'tis for th

Cour. I thank your Lordsh

Ham. No beleieve me 'tis

Cour. It is indifferent cold

Ham. But yet me thinks i
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lor
not tell how: my Lord, his M
a has laid a great wager on yo

Ham. I beseech you remen

Cour. Nay good my Lord,
newly come to Court *Laerte*
man, full of most excellent d
great shewing: indeed, to spe
or Kalendar of Gentry, for yo
what part a Gentleman woul

Ham. Sir, his definement f
know to divide him inventori
memory, and yet but raw no
but in the verity of extolmen
ticle, and his infusion of such
diction of him, his semblable
trace him, his umbrage, nothi

Cour. Your Lordship speak

Ham. The concernancy fir
our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to u
will doe't fir really.

Ham. What imports the n